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MY TRAVELS

MARIA HACKETT



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MY TRAVELS
A FAMILY STORY



EDWARD F. HACKETT

MY TRAVELS

A FAMILY STORY

BY

MARIA HACKETT

Edited by Her Son



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INTRODUCTORY

A FAMILY STORY

This is not a family history. Family histories are invariably dull and of interest only to a few who have a belief in, and are proud of, their pedigree. It is the story of the mother of a family who led a very eventful life and traveled many thousand miles, at a time when to meet with a traveled person was exceedingly rare.

My mother's travels began in 1828 and lasted till 1854. The first trip was her wedding journey, 18,000 miles on a sailing ship. Shortly after her marriage her husband gave up his business in Ireland and thought that Van Diemen's Land would be a fine place for a young man with capital. He had no difficulty whatever in prevailing on his bride to take the trip. Indeed, as she often told me, she would have gone to any part of the world with him, so much in love was she; and really I am not quite sure that she knew where Australia was, or cared, for that matter.

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Her whole married life was a honeymoon. She survived her husband many years; he died in 1847 and she mourned him and spoke lovingly of him until she passed away in 1887.

Her travels had always been a source of intense joy to her many children. She liked to be drawn out and at the slightest suggestion would drop into a reminiscent mood. Particularly were we delighted with the "Pirate Story," which the gentle reader will find duly set forth. And then the description of the crossing the line, at which time all discipline on board ship was relaxed and the ruffianly crew had it all to themselves. How we did enjoy these stories. Then one day some one suggested that if she would write them out and have them printed, others than the family would be interested, and the *Sunday Press* of Albany, of which the late John Henry Farrell, the late Myron H. Rooker and the late James MacFarlan were the proprietors, gladly accepted the articles as they appeared and printed them in the paper. The story was well received at that time,

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the early seventies, and the articles were collected and printed in a cheap form. A desire to have them appear in a form more suited to their interest is the reason for this edition.

EDWD. F. HACKETT.

Albany, N. Y., August 26, 1912.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I

TRAVELING NEARLY HALF A CENTURY
AGO — RECOLLECTIONS OF SCENES AND
PLACES — SLAVERY IN BRAZIL — AN
ENCOUNTER WITH PIRATES.

It has been my lot, during a life of sixty-eight years, to have met with some startling adventures, visited many places, and traveled around the world, at a time when traveling, with the best accommodations, meant hardship; when steamboats were unknown, and life on shipboard a dreary imprisonment. Many persons may have traveled more than I, many may have met with more adventures, and be better qualified to give entertaining descriptions of their experiences, but few (and especially ladies) can have had such varying fortunes—such happiness, and trouble, and

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care—as I have met with. I trust that my readers will be interested in the following recital, and that they will make due allowances for the rambling character of the sketches.

On the 30th day of April, 1828, immediately after my marriage, I sailed from Cork, Ireland, with my husband, on board the good ship *Coronet*, Captain Daniels, bound for Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, a pleasant little bridal tour of 18,000 miles.

We had some thirty-four cabin passengers, made up of the usual number of good- and ill-natured people, all of whom were assessed the large price of \$400 the trip, with the privilege of furnishing or paying for one's provisions. To select provisions for a six months' voyage was a task which housekeepers can readily imagine, and was a serious drain on one's purse.

There was the usual amount of seasickness for the first few days, although the weather was very fine, and in eight days we arrived at the Canary Islands, shortly after we sighted the peak of Teneriffe, and

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on the 10th of May we landed at Funchal, the capital of Madeira.

On account of the great surf, the passengers had to be taken on shore on the backs of the sailors, and the ladies being treated precisely the same way, the landing was anything but dignified.

We were surprised to see so many English people in bad health, many of them being in the last stages of consumption, but on account of the mildness of the climate it had long been the resort of those who, from lung diseases, were obliged to leave their native land.

My husband, fortunately, understood the language, and we added a large quantity of wines and fruits to our stock on board ship. The best quality of Madeira wine was then fourteen cents per bottle, Burgundy, five cents a bottle, and fruit very cheap. Vehicles called "palanquines," some carried by men and some drawn by oxen, were the common mode of conveyance.

We soon set sail for Ascension, a wild, rocky, miserable place in the middle of the

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ocean. It is an English settlement, and all ships stop there for water. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to add turtles to our stock of provisions, and for many days our first course was turtle soup. On leaving Ascension we passed through shoals of fish so thick as to somewhat retard the speed of the vessel, and also encountered large numbers of flying fish.

On the 18th of August, we landed at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, one of the finest harbors in the world. There were at that time twenty-four line-of-battle ships, twelve French and twelve English, all at anchor, besides many vessels from different nations. It was really a splendid sight. While passing through the harbor we were hailed by the captain of one of the men-of-war, who inquired, through a speaking trumpet, if there were any passengers from Cork on board. Our captain answered, "Yes," saying that Mr. and Mrs. Hackett and the Rev. William H. Brown, a Protestant minister, were among the number. A boat was immediately lowered, and Captain Hayden came on board. He proved to be a particu-

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lar friend of mine, whom I had not seen for years, and invited my husband and me to his house at Bota Foga, where he treated us with the greatest kindness.

Rio is not a particularly desirable place in which to live; it is intensely hot; very little fresh meat, no ice, no potatoes or vegetables except yams, something like sweet potatoes. Pineapples were abundant, and oranges, luscious and large, made up in a way for the scanty supply of vegetables. We tried three of the best hotels, and at last sat down to a regal repast of dry bread and tea, without milk, which was the best fare that could be got. Bananas, pomegranates and limes were very plentiful. The oranges were so large that the juice of one would fill an ordinary sized tumbler, and they could be bought for about six cents a dozen. The lemon and orange groves were beautiful, and we frequently walked through them, enjoying the fragrance.

The most revolting sight possible to conceive was the slave market, and the condition of the negroes was positively awful,

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yoked up like oxen, and a driver following with a cruel-looking whip, slashing them at every step.

No one has ever seen in the United States such dreadful horrors as was the everyday routine of Rio. The slave ships were packed with young and old of both sexes in a nearly nude state, and once a day they were brought on deck, standing so close together they could scarcely move, and buckets of water were dashed on them to keep them clean. A slave's life was of no more value than a dog's, and no punishment was inflicted on any one who killed a slave.

Thank fortune, slavery has passed away, and no more shall we see such barbarity exercised toward our fellow men.

The meat generally used in Rio was sold by the yard, and was called *carnesea*, or dried beef. It was cut in thongs, and was as disagreeable to the taste as to the eye. The streets were very narrow and the houses very high, many of them being at least seven stories. The more respectable the inhabitants, the higher up they lived,

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and some of them must have been very high-toned indeed. We passed through one street devoted entirely to jewelers' shops, and the exhibition of silver, gold and jewels was marvelous. Society was badly demoralized. No lady could walk the streets unaccompanied without being insulted, and the semi-nakedness of the slaves was startling to European eyes. During our stay of two weeks, while our ship was being overhauled and painted, we had audiences with Donna Maria de Gloria, Queen of Spain, and also the Emperor of Brazil.

We visited, at odd times, Captain Hayden's home. His youngest child, then a babe, was nursed by a slave, and eight slaves were in attendance while the baby was getting its usual morning bath. I saw that baby afterwards in Ireland, a full-grown man. His sister was married to the Duke of Wellington's nephew.

We bade adieu to our friends at the end of two weeks and started again on our weary way. We took on as a passenger at Rio a mysterious personage, a Jew, who furnished food for any quantity of con-

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jecture and gossip. He was known as Mr. Slowman. He boasted of his riches, showed large and beautiful jewels to the admiring eyes of the lady passengers, and declared that he had £4,000 in sovereigns in his trunk. He was placed in the same state-room with the Rev. Mr. Brown, much to the disgust of the latter, who complained bitterly of the cries, groans and curses that emanated from the stranger's berth every night. We all strongly suspected that murder or some other terrible sin was on his conscience from the way he acted and his ravings during his broken sleep.

Before leaving Rio we heard many reports about pirates who infested the equator at that time, and who perpetrated the most bloody deeds. It was but a month before that the ship Cumberland, from Australia, was boarded by a pirate, the ship scuttled, and every soul on board marched over the side of the vessel at the point of the bayonet. The recital of this horrible outrage had anything but a quieting effect on us; we were all in constant terror lest our ship should meet with a similar fate,

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and our horror and consternation can be imagined when one day the man on the lookout descried at eight o'clock in the morning a piratical-looking craft bearing down on us.

CHAPTER II

OVERHAULED BY A PIRATE — WHAT HE DID — CROSSING THE LINE — SAILORS' SATURNALIA — THE REIGN OF NEPTUNE — MR. SLOWMAN GIVES A DINNER — HE IS ARRESTED AT THE TABLE — WHO HE WAS AND WHY ARRESTED.

Much consternation was experienced among the passengers while the piratical-looking craft described in my last letter was drawing near. It was eight o'clock in the morning when we first sighted her, and a few hours later she was alongside. Meanwhile, the captain of our ship had not lost his presence of mind, but had got all things in readiness to fight if necessary. All the male passengers were armed in the best manner that the ship could afford, some with horse pistols, some with guns, and the sailors were supplied with marlinspikes and swords. The women on board were in a terrible state. We felt that our last hour had come, and the awful fate of the ship

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Cumberland only a month before was felt as a forerunner of what we ourselves would have to undergo. We bade our husbands a tearful farewell and spoke our last words in the full expectation of a bloody death. In the midst of the excitement Mr. Slowman was discovered endeavoring to hide his trunk full of guineas under his berth. He was crying bitterly at his fate, at times praying and at times cursing his luck. It afforded (even in all our fear) some amusement and we could not help laughing at the poor wretch.

The pirate was now close alongside and our vessel was hailed through a trumpet.

“What ship is that, and where bound?”

“The ship *Coronet*, from *Cork*, bound for *Hobart Town*.”

Then came, “I want to come on board,” and in a few minutes a boat was lowered and a tall, fine-looking man was soon on our deck talking with our captain. Our crew had been dressed in soldiers’ coats in hopes that the pirate would fancy we were a prison ship, and so give us a wide berth; but a short inspection convinced him that

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we would be able to offer only a feeble resistance. You can imagine with what awe we looked upon the bloodthirsty wretch who was talking apparently in the most amiable manner. We could see the murderous crew swarming on the sides of his ship and could plainly discern a long cannon on a swivel near the bow, pointed ominously toward us. Captain Daniels answered all the fellow's questions without exhibiting any fear, pressed him to stay to dinner and made him a present of a barrel of corned beef and a small cask of whisky, which he promptly accepted. He also, in the most courteous manner, accepted the invitation to dine, saying that as there were so many ladies on board it would be necessary for him to return to his ship in order to dress suitably. He thereupon, with many salutations and bows to the captain and the ladies (who were still greatly excited with terror), took his departure with his six men who had accompanied him. We felt then that it was all up with us, and that having found out our weakness, he would make an easy capture. And now I am about to

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relate something marvelous, which the scoffer may ridicule, but which I shall always gratefully feel was a direct interposition of Providence to save us from a dreadful fate. No sooner had the pirate returned to his vessel than a dense fog sprang up and we saw him no more. This may to some of my readers look like a simple way to be extricated from danger, but I most solemnly assure you that we all felt that it was a providential interposition in our behalf.

[Here I must say that no matter how many times we had heard the story and no matter how very opportunely this fog had sprung up, we all heaved a sigh of relief to think of the narrow escape our parents had from sudden and ignominious death. We always tried to get further particulars or explanation of the apparent miracle, but our dear mother could ascribe the escape only to an interposition of Divine Providence, in which she thoroughly believed, and which we were satisfied to accept.]

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Five months from that time the pirate was captured by a British man-of-war, and every one on board was hanged at low-water mark in Liverpool, they being taken red-handed, as it were, with heaps of plunder in their possession and with sufficient evidence to prove that they were the scoundrels that destroyed the Cumberland, a bucket marked "Cumberland" on the bottom, which mark they had not effaced, helping vastly towards conviction.

And now comes the description of a scene which was, at that time, common; but which has long since passed away, together with many other customs which were barbarous and inhuman, and seemingly impossible for the society of fifty years ago. I refer to the indignities inflicted on all voyagers on crossing the equator or, as it was called, "crossing the line." Be it known, that fifty years ago the sailors of a ship crossing the line were relieved from all duty for one day, they becoming masters, as it were, and looking on the passengers as so much food for the grossest practical jokes. My husband had

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made up his mind not to go through the ordeal, and had, by threats and a generous distribution of money to the crew, succeeded in making terms with them; that is, he was to have only a partial interview with the sea god, Neptune. Our friend, Mr. Slowman, was early pounced upon by the sailors, who stripped him almost naked. They then tossed him in a large sail filled with dirty bilge water until the poor fellow was half dead. He was then treated to a coat of grease and tar, and a burly sailor dressed as Neptune proceeded to shave him with a rusty iron hoop. The pain inflicted by this ceremony must have been very severe. The crew by this time were greatly under the influence of liquor, and were tossing the next candidate in the sail full of dirty water. The next ordeal Mr. Slowman was subjected to was called the "kiss of Neptune." The sailor who took the part had a strip of leather studded with carpet tacks tied over his face, and then he embraced the unfortunate man, causing the blood to run in streams from him. He was then deluged with buckets of bilge

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water and filth and, almost fainting, bleeding at every pore and half suffocated, was at length released from his tormentors.

Nearly every male passenger suffered this indignity, not even the clergyman escaping, though he received his punishment in a mitigated form. My husband alone stood out and threatened to put a bullet into the first one that touched him, and his determination, added to the money he had paid, saved him from insult. The lady passengers were not allowed to escape, each one being subjected to a deluge of salt water thrown on them by the crew, and even the captain had to take his share of the last punishment. Altogether it was a most unpleasant experience, and many of us did not recover from its effect for weeks. The custom has long since been discontinued, though the sailors fought stoutly for this one day of license and outrage.

After crossing the equator our voyage became exceedingly monotonous and devoid of interest. The heat was stifling and often for days we floated on the water becalmed. It was with feelings of the greatest joy we

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first saw land, and on the 10th day of October, 1828, we sailed up the Derwent River and landed at Hobart Town, after having spent nearly six months on ship-board.

Those who take a journey in our fast sailing steamers of the present day, enjoy fully the first sight of land after a paltry trip of at most twelve days, and they can realize in a measure our great delight in leaving the ship, where we had been closely confined with none of the comforts of the Cunarders or Inman line.

Mr. Slowman, our attentive friend, was so delighted at escaping the perils of the ocean, that he invited all the cabin passengers to a wine supper at the best hotel. The invitation was unanimously accepted and we sat down, a joyous party, to an elegant repast. In the midst of the festivities, while Mr. Slowman was making a reply to a toast in his honor, there came marching into the room two detective officers, who arrested him in the middle of a speech, clapped handcuffs upon him and marched

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him off without even giving him time to settle his little bill for champagne.

In confusion the party broke up and not till the next day did we find out the cause of our mysterious passenger's sudden arrest. He was the famous Ikey Solomon, the greatest thief and receiver of stolen goods in London. He had a large house in London, all paneled, and between the walls and panels he concealed the stolen property. Several men had been hanged on his account and many transported. He had escaped from the police, fled to Rio and from thence to Van Diemen's Land, only to be arrested. He was immediately sent back, tried and sentenced for life, and in due time returned a prisoner again. I afterwards saw him in chains. The man who arrested him was sent out by the government for that purpose, and had traveled 30,000 miles to accomplish the job.

CHAPTER III

SETTLING IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND — DESCRIPTION, PECULIARITIES AND WONDERS OF THE COUNTRY—SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER — LADY FRANKLIN, HIS WIFE.

Upon our arrival in Van Diemen's Land, we obtained a grant of land from the British government of 1,000 acres. The same amount of land was given to all who desired to avail themselves of it, and the giving away of so much territory was intended to encourage emigration, which at that time (before the discovery of the gold fields) needed all the encouragement it could get. To those who understood the management of a farm this was a very valuable privilege, as the soil was very fertile, but my husband, being a distiller and entirely unacquainted with farming, sold his grant for about seventy-five cents an acre. I may add here, that the same grant was resold in 1841 for \$10,000. Our

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grief at having parted with it for a mere song was heartfelt.

The following description of the peculiarities and wonders of the country, given after the lapse of fifty years, may seem incredible, and perhaps will be attributed to a desire to exaggerate, or, seen through a mist of half a century, seem to be more fanciful than real; but I have no doubt that if I were to exaggerate or give a too highly colored description I would at once be contradicted, as it is by no means an unknown country.

During a residence of thirteen years I never saw what could be called a really disagreeable day, save, perhaps, a few days when the heat was rather oppressive, and that at Christmas time. The months of November, December and January were the summer months, and the severest winter weather equaled the summer temperature of England, without the excessive rains and fogs. The fruits were of great variety and very plentiful: peaches, nectarines, apricots, pears, apples, plums, mulberries, raspberries, in fact, all the choicest fruits of

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the known world, save lemons, oranges, and fruits belonging to very hot climates. Indian corn did not grow there, but was brought from Sydney, a distance of six hundred miles. Diseases such as measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and small-pox were utterly unknown, and sickness of any kind was exceedingly rare, the people living to a very old age. The flowers and gardens were wonderful. Many extensive hedges were composed entirely of geraniums, which grew to a height of six feet and had to be clipped very frequently. Gardens required but little attention, and of course, nearly every resident had a garden attached to his dwelling. The forest trees were all evergreens, which, while presenting a beautiful appearance, rendered them unfit for building, and lumber had to be brought from North America. Any quantity of manna could be gathered from certain trees, but this had to be done before sunrise, as the sun melted it at once.

Living was very cheap. The price of a cow and calf was \$6. Sheep by the hundred cost \$25, and many settlers had as

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many as 2,000 in a flock. Tea was 25 cents a pound, best white sugar 6 cents, and flour \$8 a barrel. The labor was nearly all done by convicts, as it was a great penal colony; the government allotted to any resident as many prisoners as he wished to keep, requiring that they be allowed at least 10½ pounds of prime beef, 10½ pounds of flour, ¼ pound of tea, and 1 pound of sugar per week. Such was the discipline maintained that, though the prisoners were composed of the most desperate ruffians in the world, no scenes of violence were witnessed, and doors and windows were left open day and night and no thefts occurred.

My husband rented a distillery on the Derwent River, and as labor cost him very little, save the expense of keeping the prisoners, he for some years did a flourishing business. Whisky was made out of sugar, which was very cheap, and mixed with malt made an excellent article of spirits. The aborigines long before our visit had been driven or hunted away from the white settlements, and were generally shot on sight,

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as they had a rather unpleasant habit of spearing white people whenever they had a chance. The government did all in its power to colonize them, and tried every plan to civilize them. They sent as many of them as they could catch to a place called Maria Island, provided for them houses, schools, teachers, doctors, clothing and everything to make them comfortable, but the result was that the schools and houses remained unoccupied and the natives died. This may seem very ungrateful on the part of the natives, but it practically settled the Indian question of that day and saved an immense amount of trouble. I once saw a shipload of them about to start for Maria Island. They were of copper color, the men very tall and the women very short, and both men and women extremely repulsive looking.

Game was abundant on Van Diemen's Land. Hunting the kangaroo was a favorite amusement with Europeans. There is no necessity for describing this well-known animal; but there were species of rats and mice known as the kangaroos, very much

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the same, but on a smaller scale, that I never have seen in any other part of the world.

Colonel George Arthur was governor when we arrived. His salary was £7,000 per annum and he was allowed an elegant residence, and any number of servants, and a farm of one hundred acres was kept in the highest style of cultivation at government expense for his use. He was a man of great excellence, and made it an imperative rule that any officer guilty of immoral conduct should be immediately dismissed from the service. He was afterwards appointed governor-general of Canada, and his departure was greatly regretted. Our next governor was Sir John Franklin, the world-renowned Arctic explorer. He was then about sixty years of age, of low stature and quite stout. His wife was a beautiful woman, many years his junior, being only twenty-six. She was a lady of great courage and determination, as later events have proved. She was the first white woman who ever traveled from Melbourne to Sydney, and she was also the first woman

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to ascend Mount Wellington (which was an undertaking almost equal to the ascent of Mont Blanc), wearing out several pairs of boots in the journey and occupying one week in doing it. Sir John inaugurated his new office by giving a series of balls, to which my husband and I had the honor of being invited. No possible expense was spared in these entertainments, and I have never since seen anything that could approach them in magnificence. Lady Franklin and I became quite intimate, and I afterwards renewed my acquaintance with her when she was in New York on some business connected with an expedition for the recovery of the remains of her husband at the North Pole. I have now a very kind letter from her, written previous to her departure from New York, in which she speaks of happier times. My husband became a great friend of Sir John's, and the recollection of the kindness of this truly noble family to us is very dear. I much regret to say that the friendship was abruptly ended many years ago on account of a grievous wrong per-

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petrated by the British government upon my husband, Sir John being selected as the agent for its perpetration.

Our business being very lucrative, we had built a new and much larger distillery than the one we had leased, and invested in it many thousand pounds, thinking that we would be amply repaid for the outlay by increased trade. We called it the Franklin Distillery, in honor of Sir John, and our prospects were very favorable for acquiring wealth. The attention of the home government was called to the fact of the great amount of money being made by the distillers, and a commission was immediately sent out from England with full power for the suppression or regulation of the traffic.

CHAPTER IV

ENGLISH JUSTICE — FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION — PREPARATIONS FOR ITS SAILING — HOLMAN, THE BLIND TRAVELER — THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS OF MELBOURNE.

The commission appointed by the government to settle the distillery affairs, after spending a long time in hearing testimony and examining witnesses, agreed to pay the distillers a fair amount on their presumed annual earnings. My husband's share was to be £1,100 a year for a term of years. So far so good; but they took thirty months before they paid a dollar, and then by some fraud that never was fully explained away, they reduced the amount £300 per annum. Great as was the inconvenience and loss we were subjected to, owing to the stoppage of our business, the other distillers fared infinitely worse, as they never received one dollar of the amount awarded them and to a man became bankrupt.

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Sir John Franklin in this matter acted entirely against the interest of the colonists, and by his influence and recommendations laws were passed making it a penal offense to make any whisky in Van Diemen's Land, and visiting with heavy punishment any one who should continue in the business. A certain Mr. Gregory, who then occupied a position as collector, became so disgusted with the wrongs perpetrated on the distillers that he resigned a position worth £800 a year and went to England at his own expense, to present the real state of affairs. Instead of having his recommendations listened to, he was publicly censured in the House of Lords by Lord Stanley, the then colonial secretary, and his exertions were of no avail.

Were I to give a description of the wrongs, annoyances and persecutions we endured for a couple of years in the vain endeavor to obtain satisfaction for the infringement on our rights, I could fill a larger space than perhaps would be allowed me; but the conclusion may be safely arrived at, that it is better to submit to a

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wrong when inflicted by a government, than to spend money and time in getting redress. It is might against right, and might is always the victor.

Our return to England in 1841 was actuated solely by a desire to obtain redress, as we never would have left such a delightful country except for imperative reasons.

A short time before we left Hobart Town we saw the ships Erebus and Terror, in which the expedition commanded by Sir John Franklin sailed for the Arctic regions. Sir John himself showed us the preparations he had made for the voyage, and spoke enthusiastically of his expected discoveries and the benefits to be derived from the discovery of a northwest passage. He little thought that he would suffer such a horrible fate as he did, and that his existence from the time he reached the Arctic regions would be shrouded in an impenetrable mystery only to be solved by our noble American explorer, Dr. Kane.

Is it not a little singular that to America belongs the honor of finding Franklin dead

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and Livingstone alive, both devoting their lives to science, though at the antipodes?

Lieut. James Holman, the celebrated blind traveler, was a friend of ours in Hobart Town. He was a most remarkable man and wonderfully gifted. He was a Knight of Windsor, whose duty it was, with eight other knights of the same degree, to reside at Windsor Palace at the Queen's expense. He attained considerable celebrity as a traveler and author, and I think his works are to be found in the Y. M. C. A. library of Albany. In one of his works of travel he mentions our names favorably.

The first white men who attempted to settle at Port Phillip, or Melbourne, as it is now called, were a party of eight gentlemen, at the head of whom was Mr. Gillibrand, the attorney-general. The party dined at our house immediately previous to their departure, and it was a very gay affair. They were never heard of from the time they set out, and it is presumed they were eaten by the savages. Mrs. Gillibrand, the wife of the unfortunate leader of the party, spent \$5,000 in endeavoring

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to get some trace of them, and the only trace discovered was a piece of one of their boats near the embers of a fire.

CHAPTER V

CORRECTION—VALUABLE SERVANTS—SHIP-
WRECKED PASSENGERS—TERRIBLE TALE
OF BRUTALITY—CELEBRATED PRISONERS—
VISIT OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

In my last sketch I led your readers to understand that the ships Erebus and Terror, under the command of Sir John Franklin, sailed from Hobart Town for the Arctic region. The facts of the case are, that I saw the ships in Hobart Town, while the expedition really started from Greenwich, London, May 24, 1845.

During a residence of thirteen years in Tasmania, we formed many acquaintances, became intimate with a variety of people, and met many odd characters. Hired labor was very scarce there, and on one occasion when a vessel arrived from Calcutta, the sailors, who were nearly all Mohammedans, deserted the ship and engaged with the colonists.

We had the good fortune to engage one of them, who proved himself far superior

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to the "help" of the present day. He was a good washer and ironer, an extremely good cook, and understood the management of children. His dress consisted of a long blue cloth garment, trimmed with scarlet, a turban encircled with a gold band, a cummerbund or scarf of seven or eight yards of mull muslin tied around his waist, the ends hanging almost to his feet. He had very fine features, long black silken hair, and his food consisted principally of rice, his religion forbidding him to eat meat or use intoxicating drinks. When he had saved \$100 he left us, saying that with that sum in his country he could live without work for the remainder of his life, and he took ship for Calcutta.

One of the noblest of men and dearest of friends was Captain William Moriarity, who was captain of the port of Hobart Town, son of Admiral Moriarity of the British Navy. He sailed from England to this port in the ship *Coronet*, the same ship that brought us here. While the vessel was in the harbor of St. Iago the place was visited by a terrible earthquake and tidal

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wave. The ship was destroyed, the passengers losing everything and barely escaping with their lives. They were taken by an American ship to Brazil, and from there were forwarded to Hobart Town, after suffering many miseries and trials. Captain Moriarity made it a special point to succor shipwrecked persons, and I have seen as many as thirty sufferers by perils of the sea enjoying his hospitality.

Lieutenant Small, of the Sixty-third Regiment, British Army, who brought out letters of introduction to my husband, had a pitiful story to relate. While on the voyage out the ship anchored off an island inhabited by savages. The captain gave permission to many of the passengers to go ashore, of which they gladly availed themselves. About twenty-five, consisting of men, women and children, proceeded to the beach in the ship's boats. They made some delay, and a favorable breeze having sprung up, the inhuman captain sailed away, leaving them to their fate. Lieutenant Small, whose son was amongst the party so deserted, became so exasperated that he

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drew his sword and stabbed the captain, seriously wounding him. He was placed in irons by the direction of the captain for the remainder of the voyage, and on his arrival at Hobart Town was tried for mutiny on the high seas. This was an offense punishable with death, but upon the facts being elicited at the trial the tables were turned. Lieutenant Small was acquitted, the captain placed on trial, and received a sentence which doomed him to two years' imprisonment. The ship was also confiscated. Nothing was ever heard of the unfortunate party left on the island. Imagine the feelings of the unhappy people on seeing the vessel containing loved members of their families slowly disappearing from their tearful eyes and frenzied vision, and add to that the thought of the inevitable death that awaited them either from starvation or from hostile savages, who possibly sacrificed them to their cannibal propensities.

One celebrated prisoner who was servant to the Hon. Mr. Barrett, colonial secretary, was Sir Henry Hayes, who was transported

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for the attempted forcible abduction of Miss Pike of Cork, a very rich lady, whose money he coveted, and whom he wished to marry. When I saw him he was dressed in a yellow jacket and pants, his head shaved and altogether presenting a most forlorn appearance.

We once had a prisoner servant who was previously a banker in London, immensely wealthy, and had his carriage and four. He was transported for forgery. While he was with us he did nothing but cry and lament his unhappy fate, and we were obliged to dismiss him.

There was a prisoner named Solomon who offered a hundred thousand dollars to the government for the privilege of returning to England for one year. As this was before the system of "ticket of leave" was introduced, his request was not granted.

The richest man in Melbourne, shortly after gold being discovered, was John Mills, who was a prisoner and worked with us as a maltster. He became free, went to Melbourne, bought building lots at \$25 each, which he sold after the gold was discovered

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for \$500 a foot frontage. He then started a brewery and made a large fortune.

My husband told me one day that he had invited to dinner the famous New Zealand chief, Kanawanga Tapita. I made great preparations for entertaining so distinguished a guest, but on seeing him I was so disgusted with his appearance that I refused to allow him in the house, and we satisfied him by giving him some raw meat, which he ate ravenously on the back piazza. Those who have not seen the New Zealand natives cannot form an opinion of their hideous appearance. Chief as this man was, his dress was mainly composed of a filthy mat carelessly hanging from his shoulders. His lower limbs and feet were uncovered. His face presented the appearance of being corduroyed from the ridge and furrow process of tattooing having been deeply gone into. His features were of a regular cast, but the artistic touches of the human remodeler made them repulsive, at least to those not accustomed to artificial development of the facial outline.

CHAPTER VI

LEAVING AUSTRALIA—PROVISIONS NECESSARY FOR THE VOYAGE—DEATH OF A FAITHFUL FRIEND—LANDING IN LONDON—TWO SUMMERS IN ONE YEAR—THE GREAT FAMINE FEVER IN IRELAND—EMIGRATE TO AMERICA.

In January, 1841, we started from Hobart Town for London, after spending thirteen years in Van Diemen's Land. We sailed in the ship *Mary Anne*, of Glasgow, commanded by Captain Marshall.

During our stay in Tasmania, God had blessed us with a large family; at the time of our departure we had a family of eight children, the youngest being a babe of one month. We numbered, all told, eleven, including a servant; and we engaged the whole of a cabin, for which we paid the sum of \$1,000, besides furnishing our own provisions. It may not be uninteresting to give a list of the articles necessary for such a long voyage. The following is the

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list, as near as I can remember: We bought eight barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of crackers, eighteen barrels of potatoes, ten live sheep, five live pigs, five dozen chickens, two dozen ducks, one dozen geese, ten turkeys, two large fitches of bacon, ten hams, five barrels of apples, two boxes of raisins, two boxes of currants, two hundred and fifty pounds of butter, fifty dozen of eggs, one hundred pounds of preserves, five gallons of raspberry vinegar, ten gallons of brandy, two hundred pounds of sugar, forty pounds of coffee, twenty-five pounds of tea, and forty dollars' worth of Bologna sausages. In addition to live stock, we had two goats to furnish us with milk, and the quantity of food for the animals and poultry was necessarily very great.

In order to overcome the inconvenience of washing clothes on shipboard, all the underclothing had to be taken with us unmade. When used, the undergarments were thrown overboard and new ones made, and of course we had to have large quantities of linen and muslin in the piece.

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An incident took place on our departure which saddened all the children, and, indeed, cast a gloom over the elder members of the family. Our faithful Newfoundland dog, the pet of the children, vainly endeavored to follow us on board the ship, but was put on shore by the sailors. When the ship sailed he jumped into the water and swam away out to sea after us. We watched him with tearful eyes, until the faithful animal sank from exhaustion beneath the billows.

The voyage was a splendid and prosperous one. We rounded Cape Horn, which is one of the most desolate places on the face of the earth. Near the Falkland Islands we met a whaler, whose captain came on board. He was very anxious for news, as he stated he had been out three years, and was last from Vancouver's Island.

We next sighted two small islands, called Corvo and Flores. Mark Twain, in "Innocents Abroad," describes them and their inhabitants. These were thickly settled and looked very pretty. The language

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spoken there was Portuguese. Many of the people came alongside our ship in boats, and sold a large quantity of oranges and other fruits, fowls and eggs, to the captain and to us, we being the only passengers.

About the first of July we arrived off Flushing in Holland and a few days later we sailed up the Thames to London. It was Sunday when we arrived in London, but it was Saturday by our reckoning, we having gained a day sailing round the world in an easterly direction. Another singular fact was that it was summer when we arrived in England, and it was summer when we left Australia; so that I enjoyed two summers in the year 1841.

We spent a month in London. My husband was very much occupied in trying to get a settlement of his claims against the government, but with very little success.

We then started for Cork, where my husband bought a distillery, and again entered on his old business. The change of climate was very severe upon our children, and they all took sick, successively, with measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever

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and other diseases peculiar to children, but which were utterly unknown in the place we had just come from. Six years after, in 1847, the great typhus fever broke out in Ireland, and my husband, who was interested in bread distribution and other societies for the relief of the poor, contracted the disease and forfeited his life in trying to relieve the miseries of others. Eighteen gentlemen, our near neighbors, died of the same disease, and many families in Cork were bereft of their sole support in consequence of having contracted the fever. It is a matter of history, and therefore needs no description from my pen; but the terrible destitution and suffering of the poorer class of the people of Ireland at that time is without parallel. The misery, however, was alleviated in a great measure by the generosity of the American people, who sent large quantities of corn and flour for the relief of the destitute.

I continued the business myself until 1854, when, becoming convinced that my children would have a better opportunity of improving their prospects by going to

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the United States, and as my two eldest sons were already there, I disposed of my business and started for America.

[The above chapters have dealt solely with a description of my mother's long voyage to Australia and return, a matter of 36,000 miles. According to her description of Hobart Town, it must have been a delightful place in which to live. She lived there with her devoted husband for thirteen years, and became the mother of nine children. Eight of these children came back with her, one died (an infant), and her tenth child was born in Cork, being the only Irishman of the family.

You may have noticed the very pathetic incident related of the faithful Newfoundland dog swimming after the vessel until he sank beneath the waves. This always seemed to us children a particularly sad incident, and we criticised (as much as we dared) our parents' conduct in not insisting on bringing the poor fellow along.

The continuation of the story involves the account of a shipwreck which to a great

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extent is very similar to the loss of the Titanic. The location was nearly the same, off the coast of Newfoundland. The ship, on her first trip, was lost, but fortunately there was no loss of life as just before sinking the boat was run on the rocks. However, the lifeboats were all in use, the women and children taken off first, but there was almost as much terror and fright experienced as there was on the Titanic.]

CHAPTER VII

SHIPWRECKED—NARROW ESCAPE OF ALL ON BOARD—HOW THEY WERE SAVED.

On the 31st day of August, 1854, we left Liverpool in the steamship *City of Philadelphia*, of the Inman line, commanded by Capt. Robert Leitch. We had been delayed for two weeks in Liverpool, owing to an accident happening to the steamer on her trial trip in the Clyde. It was to be her first trip, and she was one of the finest vessels ever built by the Inman line, who have so many elegant steamships. The day of departure was a beautiful one, and as we stood on the deck during the passage down the Mersey, we were in high spirits. Everything augured a prosperous and speedy voyage, the passengers were all delighted, and as the weather was fine and the sea smooth, but little seasickness was experienced.

After passing the coast of Ireland rough weather was experienced, and the number

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of promenaders on deck, and eaters at the table, was very sensibly diminished. The voyage was without incident until the 7th of September. We had neared the banks of Newfoundland, and, as usual in that locality, were in a dense fog. About twelve o'clock we were awakened by a terrible crash, and some of us were thrown from our berths. We all rushed upstairs as fast as possible, only to find the saloon filled with terrified passengers of both sexes, who in their anxiety to learn the cause of the accident, had hurried up without losing any time in changing their clothes, suited only to the privacy of their staterooms. The scene was a terrible one, and our consternation was added to by the report that the ship was sinking. Mothers were shrieking for their children, husbands looking for members of their family, all praying fervently and bidding eternal adieus.

One of the officers, at this juncture, calmed us by saying that there was no danger, and informed us that the ship had struck on a rock supposed to be Cape Race, and had backed off without sustaining any

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serious damage. Upon this we returned to our rooms and dressed ourselves, as sleep was entirely out of the question. Upon reassembling on the deck we learned the full extent of the disaster. The ship was sinking, and again the prayers, the groans, the adieus, were repeated with renewed energy. At this time, seeing the critical state of affairs, Captain Leitch had the ship headed towards the land, and ordered the boats to be got ready. In an instant there was a rush on the part of the steerage passengers for the boats, which were filled by men even while they hung at the davits. The officers and sailors, under command of the captain, at once cleared the boats by striking without mercy the cowardly wretches who had sought to save themselves alone, and armed men were placed in sufficient numbers around each boat to prevent any one getting possession. News was now brought up that the fires were out, and the situation was becoming precarious. Before the engines had ceased to work the ship grounded with great force upon some sunken rocks, and remained as firmly on

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them as if she was on stocks. It was fortunate the sea was smooth or else she would have gone to pieces.

The captain ordered all the women and children into the boats, and after rowing about half a mile we were landed on the shore in a place called Chance Cove. In due time the male passengers were brought off, and at early dawn the passengers, about seven hundred, were all on shore. We could see the elegant steamer stranded on the rocks, looking as if she were about to be launched; but her journeyings had ceased forever, and she never left her cradle on the rocks until the storms of successive winters had broken her to fragments.

At the time of the shipwreck the early operations of the Atlantic Telegraph Company were taking place, and a small steamer belonging to the company was seen about twelve o'clock. Signals of distress were hoisted and guns fired, and she finally bore down on us and took as many passengers as she could accommodate (about seventy-five) to St. John's, New-

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foundland. It being impossible to take passage in her, we were forced to remain in Chance Cove, and provisions were brought from the ship and tents made out of the sails, and we succeeded in making ourselves comparatively comfortable. A fleet of wreckers surrounded the ship, and all the male passengers were armed to repel attack. For several nights we were much alarmed at the report of firearms, and learned each morning that skirmishes were going on with these pirates, and it needed all possible precautions to keep them at bay.

After a stay of four or five days we were taken off by small steamers chartered for the purpose and conveyed to St. John's. We remained a month here, and as we had the good fortune to meet many kind relations and friends who dwelt there, our time was passed very agreeably. While we were in St. John's a small French propeller came in one Sunday morning very much disabled. She was named the Vesta, and reported that she had struck a large steamer and, being disabled, had put into

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St. John's. Her foremast was gone and her bow stove in. On board her they did not know the extent of the damage the other steamer had sustained, but we soon learned that it was the Arctic of the Collins line that had been run into, and that out of 560 passengers but thirty were saved, Mr. Collins (the owner of the line) and family being amongst the lost. The survivors came in next day in a lifeboat, and the tale they told was indeed a sad one. One of them, the purser of the Arctic, became insane from the horrors and sufferings he had endured, and had to be kept in close confinement.

After remaining a month in St. John's, we sailed for Philadelphia in the Osprey, chartered by the Inman line at an expense of \$500 a day, and our first landing in America was at Martha's Vineyard, where we put in for a few hours. We were struck with the quaintness and beauty of the place and the civility of the inhabitants. On the 21st of October we landed at Philadelphia and our trials were over.

I deem it proper to say at this time

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that the conduct of the Inman Company deserved unqualified admiration.

It is a common remark that corporations have no souls, but this company is an admirable exception. It treated all the passengers with the utmost courtesy, and endeavored in every way to compensate them for the discomforts and losses by the accident, paid for every pound of baggage lost, and indeed paid everything with a lavishness and generosity rare to see.

We left Philadelphia soon after for Ithaca, Tompkins County, New York State, where we resided two years and then left for Albany, arriving on the day James Buchanan was elected.

I have now come to the conclusion of my description of travels and incidents of a long life. Many incidents have occurred which, while deeply affecting and serious in their nature, were too sacred for publication. If I have interested any of my readers, I am well repaid, and trust that the time I have occupied has not been considered as wasted.

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I am sorry to inform my readers that I am now totally blind; seeing neither sun nor moon nor stars, but total darkness in the midst of noon.

[The ending of this story is very pathetic. Cataracts had formed on my mother's eyes and for years before her death she was unable to see. Notwithstanding this affliction, she was active, and continued to be interested in charitable work. She was passionately fond of music and a little girl attendant had a long list of her pieces which she would read off and the dear old lady would play from memory. She never had an illness, was a strong and vigorous woman, with great mentality and force of character.

The following obituary notice, published by the *Sunday Press* in 1887, is an evidence that her good qualities were appreciated and her loss deplored. In simple words it gives an idea of the characteristics of a remarkable woman. She was absolutely unselfish, generous to a fault,

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devoted to her family and as good a mother as she had been a loving wife:

OBITUARY.

Maria Hackett.

One of our best-known and most highly esteemed old ladies passed away yesterday to the final reward of a life filled with good deeds and incessant efforts in behalf of her fellow creatures. Mrs. Hackett had reached the unusual age of 82 years and had entered upon the 83d with the same ambition and hopefulness of accomplishing more good, that characterized her entire life. She had, for many years of late, evinced a most remarkable activity, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who came in contact with her. She was possessed of a vast fund of reminiscences and several years since wrote for the *Sunday Press* a very interesting series of articles on life in Australia, in which country she passed a portion of her life. She was warmly devoted to her religion and practiced its precepts most rigidly. It was a source of delightful pleasure to secure her company and listen to her recitals of experiences during her long and eventful life.

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Mrs. Hackett leaves two sons, Messrs. Edward F. and Theodore M., to mourn her loss, who will receive the sympathy of a widely extended circle of friends.]

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MILITARY
CAREER OF

EDWARD F. HACKETT, JR.

LIEUTENANT COMPANY A, 42ND REGIMENT
NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS



LIEUTENANT EDWARD F. HACKETT, JR.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MILITARY CAREER OF EDWARD F. HACKETT, JR.

In publishing a family story one may be pardoned for giving prominence to the youngest member of the family, who not only had a record as a traveler but who also distinguished himself in the Spanish-American War.

Early in May, 1898, Edward F. Hackett, Jr., enlisted in Company A, Tenth Battalion, as a private. Shortly afterward the regiment left Albany for Camp Black. Many will remember the departure of the regiment for the front: the marching from the Armory down Washington Avenue to the depot; the embarking of the troops, the cheering, the display of flags and bunting; the band playing patriotic airs; the shouts and good-byes of the on-lookers and the wild enthusiasm of the crowd that lined the streets. Shortly afterwards came news of Camp Black; the suffering and lack of comfort experienced; the insufficiency of shelter; the sleeping on

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wet ground; everything to show the incompetency of the powers that be. Then came word that the regiment had been ordered to Honolulu and long descriptions followed of the experiences there in that delightful climate. In November, 1898, the First Regiment was ordered home and about Christmas of that year a grand welcome was given by Albanians to the soldiers who, although they had not met the enemy or even had a skirmish with them, had shown their readiness to fight for their country. In February, 1899, Private Hackett was honorably discharged, and soon obtained a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Twelfth New York. After a short stay in Cuba the regiment was mustered out of service, arriving in New York, March 27, 1899.

Shortly after the Lieutenant was again commissioned in the Forty-second New York Volunteers with headquarters at Fort Niagara and after a brief time spent in recruiting service he started for the Philippines. For about eighteen months he served gallantly, enduring much hardship

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and privation and participating in several engagements. Of one very severe fight at Pinauran the following comment which is taken from *The Albany Journal*, February 14, 1901, speaks for itself:

YOUNG ALBANY OFFICER HONORED

LIEUTENANT EDWARD F. HACKETT
FURNISHED WITH OFFICIAL
REPORT OF ORDERS

COMMENDING HIS ACTION

PARTICIPATED WITH HIS COMPANY IN AN ASSAULT
UPON AN ALMOST IMPREGNABLE POSITION

A young Albany soldier in the army in the Philippines seems to be covering himself with glory. Lieutenant E. F. Hackett, Jr., of the Forty-second Regiment, U. S. V., has received recognition which many officers who served during the Civil War and on the plains were unable to attain. The following report of an engagement in northern Luzon, November 22, 1900, explains in terse military manner the battle in which Lieutenant Hackett bore himself in most gallant manner:

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Headquarters Sixth District, Department of
Northern Luzon, El Deposito, P. I.,

December 21, 1900.

Major E. C. Cary, Forty-second U. S. Volunteers:
Sir:

The District Commander directs me to express his appreciation of the services rendered by your command, the main column of the expeditionary forces, under Colonel J. Milton Thompson, Forty-second Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, during the expedition against and engagement with the insurgent forces under Licerio Geronimo, at Pinauran, the insurgent stronghold northeast of Montalbon, P. I., November 22, 1900, resulting in the destruction of the enemy's quarters, supplies, etc. The promptness with which your two leading companies (A and I, Forty-second Infantry) scaled the almost vertical walls of the canon of the river Anginan, which had they been bare of vegetation would have been difficult enough, but which, on account of the dense growth of cane, looked as if they were insurmountable obstacles, is worthy of comment.

While the country over which the column operated, though it presented extremely great difficulties, offered easy traveling compared with that over which the other columns marched, yet the fact that the main column engaged the enemy to a greater extent, made up the difference.

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH R. MCANDREWS,

Forty-second Infantry, U. S. Volunteers,
First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, Acting
Assistant Adjutant General.

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Headquarters Sixth District, Department of
Northern Luzon, El Deposito, P. I.,

December 21, 1900.

Official copy respectfully furnished Second Lieutenant E. F. Hackett, Jr., Forty-second Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, who commanded Company A, Forty-second Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, which was part of the main column in the above mentioned expedition and engagement.

By order of the Colonel.

JOSEPH R. MCANDREWS,

First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, Forty-second U. S. Volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Mr. Hackett, who now holds a First Lieutenant's commission, commanded his company on this occasion. The American column consisted of 1,400 men. Against them 3,000 Filipinos were arrayed in a stronghold which seemed to be impregnable. To reach them it was necessary to scale the side of a canon, which, as the official report discloses, was almost vertical. Company A of the Forty-second, commanded by Lieutenant Hackett, seems to have been foremost in the assault, and the fact that Colonel Thompson directed that an official copy of the report of the affair should be furnished him, proves that he must have acquitted himself with singular gallantry. Five Americans were killed. The Filipinos' loss is not stated, but they were routed and all their supplies in the stronghold captured.

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Lieutenant Hackett is a son of E. F. Hackett. He was a member of Company A of the Tenth Battalion, and went with the First New York Regiment to Honolulu. On the return of the First he applied for a commission for service in Cuba, and obtained one in the Twelfth New York. On his arrival in Cuba he was made Post-Adjutant of the regiment, but in a short time the Twelfth was ordered home. Then he secured a commission in the Forty-second, where he has seen hard service. He has been down with fever and suffered all the hardships of the campaign in northern Luzon. The fact that he has been mentioned in the way above indicated will be a source of pride to his many friends hereabouts, for his action reflects credit on the city of his birth.

On January 2, 1901, he was promoted to First Lieutenant. The Forty-second Regiment returned to San Francisco, June 21, 1901, and was mustered out of service.

After his return from the Philippines he never fully recovered from the effects of his hardships and fever he suffered from while on duty. His health was greatly impaired and while he struggled manfully to engage in business and was a short time previous to his death in very lucrative employment in New York City he was

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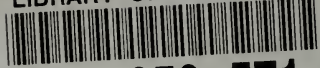
obliged to give up his position. He was born in Albany in 1877 and attended the boys' academy, and he died in Albany in June, 1907, in the thirtieth year of his age.

Previous to his enlistment in the army in 1897 he made a voyage around South America, going as far north as Ecuador on the west coast. Counting his trip to Honolulu and return and his voyage to the Philippines, he had a record of travel of nearly one hundred thousand miles. He was popular among his associates and was of an extremely happy disposition.

This brief sketch of Maria Hackett's grandson is not, it would seem, improperly inserted in this little book, and if one takes pride in recounting the patriotism and bravery shown, it will be remembered that it was for his country that Edward F. Hackett, Jr., virtually gave up his life.

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